

The history

*Ajax.* I say the proclamation.

*Ther.* Thou gromblest and raylest euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnesse, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpinas* beauty, I that thou barkst at him.

*Ajax.* Mistres *Thersites*.

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him. *Ajax* Coblose, Hee would punne thee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler breakes a bisket, you horson curre. Do? do?

*Ajax.* Thou stoole for a witch:

*Ther.* I, Do? do? thou sodden witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Asinico* may tutor thee, you scuruy valiant asse, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sould among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

*Ajax.* You dog: *Ther.* You scuruy Lord.

*Ajax.* You curre.

*Ther.* Mars his Idiot, do rudenesse, do Camel, do, do.

*Achil.* Why how now *Ajax* wherefore do yee thus, How now *Thersites* whats the matter man.

*Ther.* You see him there? do you?

*Achil.* I whats the matter. *Ther.* Nay looke vpon him.

*Achil.* So I do, whats the matter?

*Ther.* Nay but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why so I do.

*Ther.* But you you looke not well vpon him, for who some euer you take him to be he is *Ajax*.

*Achil.* I know that foole.

*Ther.* I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beate thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he vtters, his euasions haue eares thus long, I haue bodd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

*Ach.* What.

*Ther.* I say this *Ajax*.

*Achil.*

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

*Achil.* Nay good *Ajax*.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit.

*Achil.* Nay I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace foole?

*Ther.* I would haue peace and quietnesse, but the foole will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

*Ajax.* Oh thou damned curre I shall

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool.

*Ther.* No I warrant you, the fooler will shame it.

*Patro.* Good words *Thersites*. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

*Ajax.* I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

*Ther.* I serue thee not?

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serue here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last seruice was suffrance: twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary, *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

*Ther.* E'ene so, a great deale of your witt to, lies in your sinnewes, or els there bee liera, *Hector* shall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernell.

*Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*.

*Ther.* Thers *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy ere their grandsiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the wars.

*Achil.* What? what?

*Ther.* Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after.

*Patro.* No more words *Thersites* peace.

(wards.

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me,

*Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*.

(shall I?

*Ther.* I will see you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leane the faction of fooler.

*Exit.*

*Patro.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry this sir is proclaim'd through all our holte, That *Hector* by the first houre of the Sunne:

